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A Hard Blow



- GAY L.A.
A BACKSIDE
VIEW OF A
WILD CRUISE
THROUGH A
STEAMY
HOPPED-UP
TOWN.

- BUDDIES
THEY KNEW
THAT NOTHING
COULD SATISFY
THEIR DEEP
SEX HUNGER...
EXCEPT
EACH OTHER.

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BUDDIES

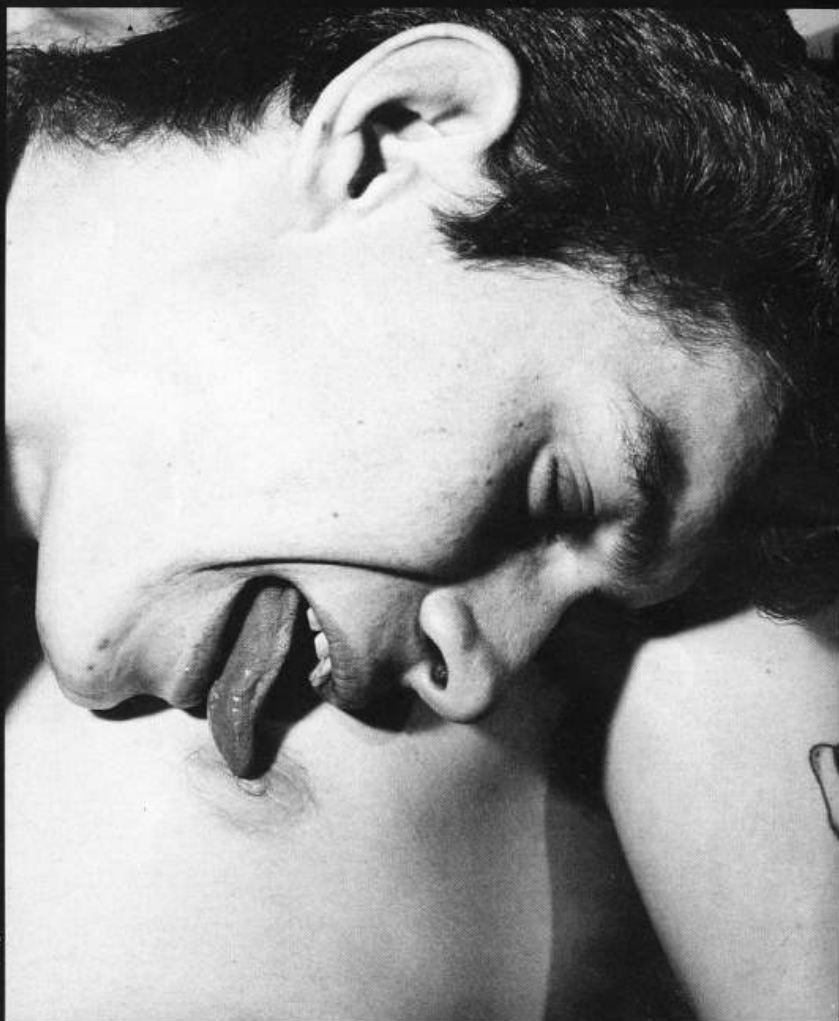
by HAROLD BASKIN

These last two weeks were the longest weeks in my life. I'd returned home from a year in a Viet Cong POW camp and finally received word that my buddy Bill and most of the rest of the guys in my outfit were alive and would be home two weeks after me.

When I was captured, I was the only one from my outfit in that

prison camp and I'd been told that all the others were killed. Now I found out that the rest were interned in another camp and were told that I was dead.

Believing that Billy was dead had the effect of making my prison time go faster because I didn't care what happened to me. I had no happy future to look forward to. So maybe it was a blessing in disguise. Especially so, since he really was alive.



And he called me yesterday to tell me he was back. His family had come from all parts of the country to welcome him home, so he couldn't see me then, but we made plans for this morning.

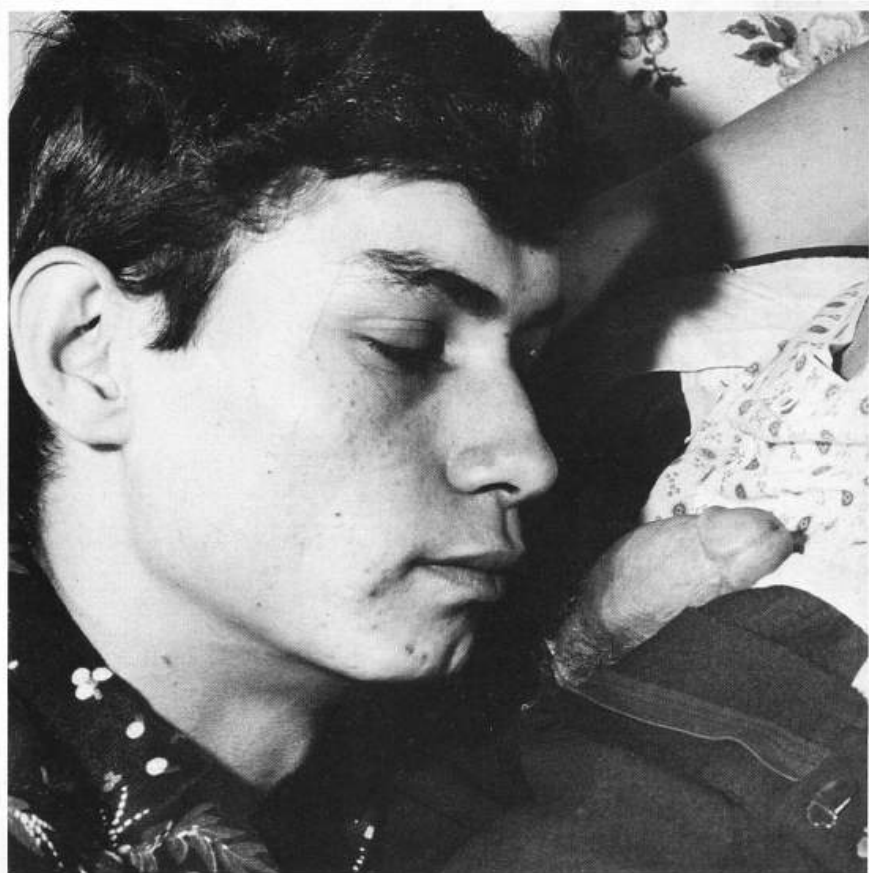
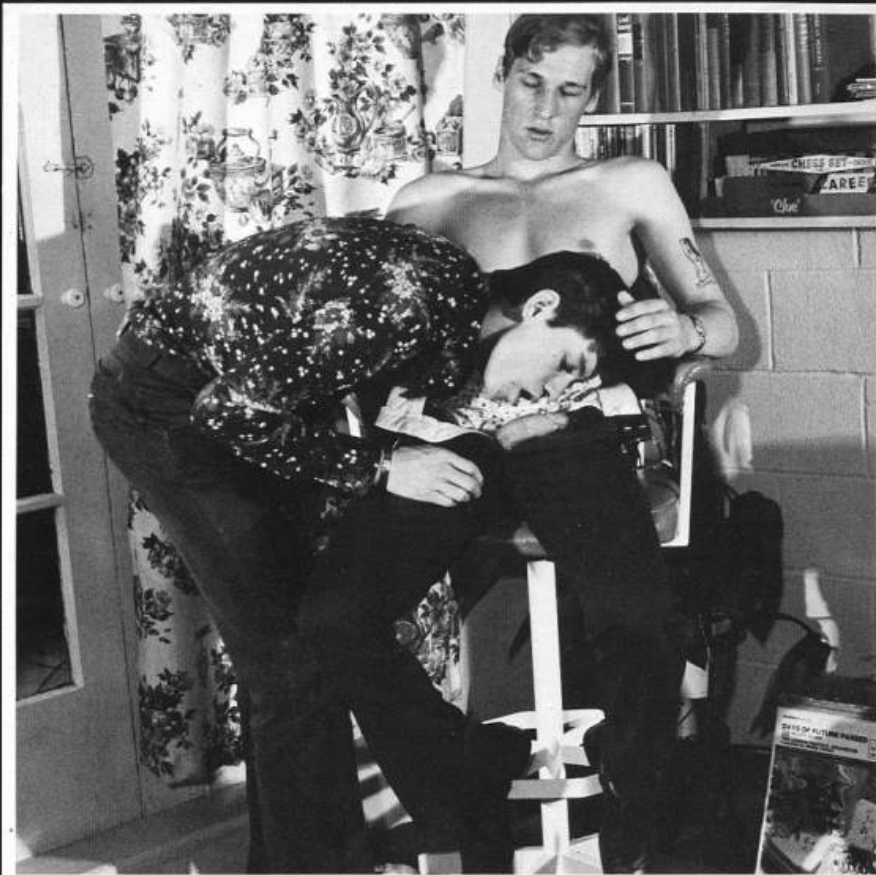
I told him my folks leave the house at eight to go to work, so he said he'd be here at eight-o-one.

I was excited by the fact that he seemed as anxious to see me as I was to see him.

Oh, we weren't lovers, or, as Corporal Butch Reilly called us, asshole buddies. But not because I wouldn't have wanted it. But neither of us knew about things like that at the time we were together, although I realize now that that was exactly what I wanted.

The sight of his naked body always sent chills through me. When we were in the showers together, I couldn't take my eyes off him, but I would turn my body in a different direction and peek out of the corner of my eye. The direction I turned my body was towards the wall, because I always

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got a hard-on I had to hide.

The sight of the other guys would do nothing to me, they were just so much meat, so I never even connected my reaction to Billy with being queer. If I was queer, wouldn't the other naked guys excite me?

When Billy bent down to wash his legs and feet I always managed to be behind him and I bent over too. I loved to catch sight of his asshole. It was the only one I had ever seen, and I cherished the thought that I was probably the only one in the world that had ever seen that part of his body.

But I had to keep my wits about me. A few times, when I was carried away by that sight, I'd been shocked back to reality by the snide voice of Corporal Reilly. "Ah, the asshole buddies," or "the Bobbsy twins are playing pick-up-

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the-soap again."

The remark would come at the same time as a slap on one of our butts. A half-slap, half-goose, because he always had his middle finger bent, and if my ass was soaped, that finger slid right into my hole.

The first time that happened I was shocked and jumped away, but each time after that, I just stayed still and made some crack like, "That the way you get your kicks, Reilly?" He'd usually push it a little further, or move it around, before pulling it out and saying, "And I promised Millie I'd never wash this finger again." Then he'd make a big display of washing it carefully.

He'd have a hard-on by this time and make some remark, using the name of a different girl each time. His hard-ons weren't unusual; he almost always had one whether he was fully dressed, in his shorts, or bareassed. He was always bragging about last night's lay or the one he was going to get tonight.

Soon after my capture, I was fucked by a guard. Having been told that Billy was dead, I didn't





care about what happened to me. I don't know if it hurt or not. I just thought that this is what I would like to have done with Billy and loved it, and I cried. The guard must have thought he was hurting me and he seemed to get a special kick out of it.

Most of the guards fucked me often, probably because I never put up a fight.

I was in a stupor and often I would forget to put my pants back on before returning to the barracks. It didn't take long for the rest of the guys to tell what was happening and after dark they all took turns plugging me. Before long, they were fucking me any hour of the day or night. They soon stopped asking my permission, because my only answer was, "Whatever you want."

After my release, I was asked by an examiner if I indulged in homosexual activities, and I said, "Whatever you want," and started taking off my pants. He got red in the face, but didn't stop me until he got a good long look at my cock.

I didn't get any news of Billy until I got home, and I became alive again. But that slowed down time until I was flipping out of my gourd.

Then his phone call last night! I choked and cried and laughed and somewhere in the middle I burst out that I loved him and then I covered up with coughing or choking or something. He kept asking what I had just said and I told him I would repeat it as soon as we got together.

Then it was this morning at eight-o-one. My folks' car had just pulled out of the driveway when Billy came into view. I stood in the doorway. I didn't trust myself to meet him outside.

I was trembling as he stood on the doorsill and we grasped hands in our friendship shake.

He suddenly blurted out, "I
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love you too, Paul" and threw his arms around me and kissed me. All I could think of was the many times in the past year when I wished I would just die. And here I was with the greatest reason in the world for living. Billy!

He stepped forward into the house, knocking me backward into a chair. Without breaking the contact between our lips, he followed me. His hand was going up my thigh and met my cock halfway. His lips left mine and traced a path over my chin, down my neck and chest and over to a nipple.

He sucked long and hard on it as his hand undid my pants. He impatiently pulled out my cock. I was amazed. It was the first hard-on I'd had in over a year. I'd forgotten what it looked like, and what it felt like. And actually, it had *never* before felt as good as it did then, or as it was about to feel from thereafter.

Billy's mouth suddenly swooped down and engulfed my whole cock. It tightened around it and his tongue was going up and down and all around it. His lips and throat were contracting and loosening until I thought I'd caught my cock in some kind of an electrical appliance that was a combination of a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine and a whirlpool.

I shot my first load in over a year. I wasn't prepared for it. I didn't expect it to happen so fast. It just suddenly was an accomplished fact.

Billy swallowed rapidly and then gave a muffled sigh. He didn't release my cock, but started moving his head up and down. I was still hard and gave no signs of softening. After a few more strokes, he stood up and kissed me again. While kissing he tried to take my pants off.

I stood up to make his job easier, and also to strip him. It had been so long since I had seen his body, and now I wouldn't have to



be furtive about it.

When I reached into his shorts, his cock and balls fell out of a leg opening. I couldn't even wait long enough to pull his shorts off. I ducked down and popped his cock into my mouth. I tried to imitate what he had done to me, but soon, my curiosity got the better of me. I pulled off his cock so I could get a good look at it close up. I examined it from every angle, twisting and turning it. I felt the velvety softness of the skin, now slick from my mouth. I ran the tip of my tongue over the entire surface, trying to memorize every nook and cranny of its topography.

He seemed to be swaying from the ecstasy, so I backed him into the chair and spread his legs. After



a quick visit to his chest and nipples, my mouth dove back down to that mighty staff. When I could tell by his squirming that he was ready to cum, I stopped and asked him to please fuck me. I thought I never would want to be fucked again, but I knew then that my asshole had been put on this earth to be filled by Billy's cock.

As he rose and stripped off his undershorts, I knelt in the chair. He spread my cheeks with his hands and I felt his warm breath on my ass.

"Fuck me, fuck me, oh, please, f-f-f!?"

Something strange, and moist, and warm, and exciting was circling my asshole. It was too soft to be a cock or a finger. I looked back and saw that Billy's entire face was pressed into my crack and it had to be his tongue that was pulsating against my hole.

Harder and harder it pushed and it entered slowly, making circular motions all the time. Then it



started going in and out, a little deeper each time it went in. When it was in as far as it could go it started going around in circles again, throbbing like a vibrator.

Then suddenly it was gone, to be replaced immediately by the head of his cock. It teased the entrance and then slipped inside. Just the head was in me, the flange hooked by my sphincter. He pushed in and out rapidly, but shallowly, so that it just pushed my asshole back and forth, without his prick going any deeper.

I suddenly realized that I was screaming, "All the way! Fuck me all the way! I've got to have your cock all the way in me! I'll die if I don't get all your cock now!"

And with that, he yelled, "I love you!" and lunged.

That was the bond that would cement us together forever.

Billy went wild, almost as wild as I went. We slammed together again and again until we both

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came at the same time, yelling, "I love you! I love you! I love you!" in unison. Then he collapsed over my back.

It took us quite awhile to recover, which we did in a sixty-nine position on the couch. We licked each other clean and then began sucking in earnest. Billy raised his legs and I found myself once again staring at the only asshole in the world that I have ever seen. It looked exactly as I had remembered it, and now I didn't have to hold myself back. I licked a trail over his balls and followed the crack down until I touched the puckered ring. I penetrated as deeply as I could and almost cried from the frustration of not being able to go deeper.

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"Billy —" I said.

He answered, "I've wanted you to," then he rose to his knees and leaned over the back of the couch.

"Love me," he said as I entered him. I came too soon, but it didn't upset me, because I knew that I had a lifetime ahead of me with Billy. But Billy hadn't had time to build to another climax, so I pulled him over me and he fucked my mouth until he came.

We lay arm in arm, as, between kisses, Billy told me of his life since his capture.

Most of our outfit stayed together in one barracks. They were told that all the missing men were killed. When he was told I was dead, he didn't care what happened to him; he had been in love with me. When Butch Reilly made advances, he didn't even attempt to stop him. He told Butch that he loved me and since I was dead, no one or nothing made any difference to him.

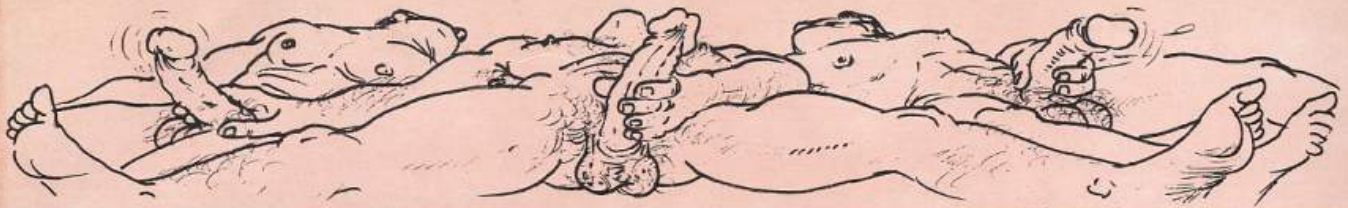
Butch then confessed that he had loved the two of us and had to make up stories about thinking of girls to cover the perpetual hard-on he had when he was around either of us.

He fucked Billy regularly, always asking permission, and offered reciprocation, which Billy refused. Butch adopted a protective attitude toward Billy and fought off anyone else who tried to have sex with him or Billy. In fact, he almost killed two guards who had fucked Billy.

When they were returning to the States, Butch asked Billy to live with him. Billy accepted with the understanding that he would leave if he found that I was alive and wanted him.

He had grown very fond of Butch, who was really all-softie inside. When he told Butch that he was coming to see me and would ask if he could live with me, Butch seemed as happy as he that I was alive, but broke down and cried





over Billy's leaving him. He told Billy he would stick to his bargain, if necessary, but suggested that maybe the three of us could live together. He would take a back-seat to our relationship and only

interfere when asked, but he would be happy just being near us.

"It's up to you," said Billy. My cock had grown huge at the thought of the two of us with that big, vulgar, bodybuilding, ex-Cor-

poral.

Billy's hand slid down my body and came to a stop against the trunk of my cock.

He said, "I think I know your answer," and kissed it.



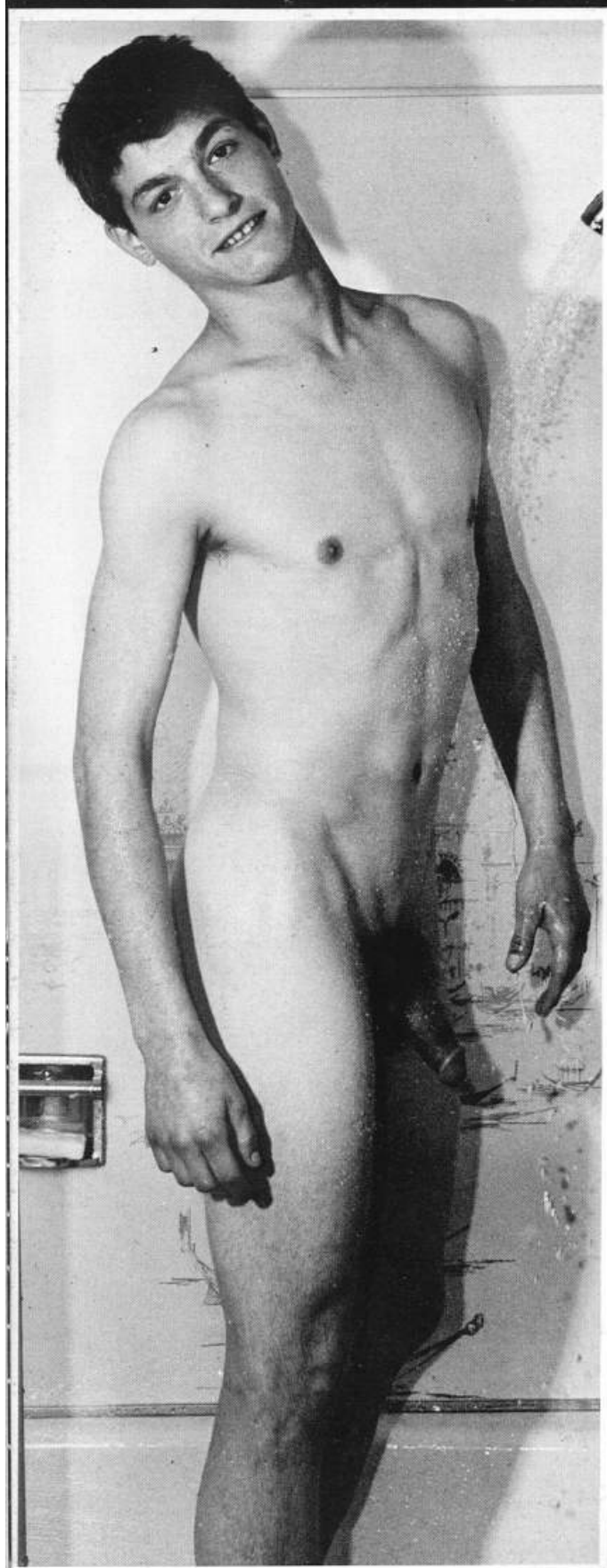








Gay L. A.





by HAROLD BASKIN

What in the hell kind of a state *is* California? I drive almost all the way across the country and nothing unusual happens; as soon as I cross the California state line, it's like I drove into a loony-bin.

A mile into the state and I'm stopped by a cop. I pull off the



road and he parks his bike next to my door, but he doesn't get off it. He doesn't say anything. He just keeps sliding his body forward and back on the seat.

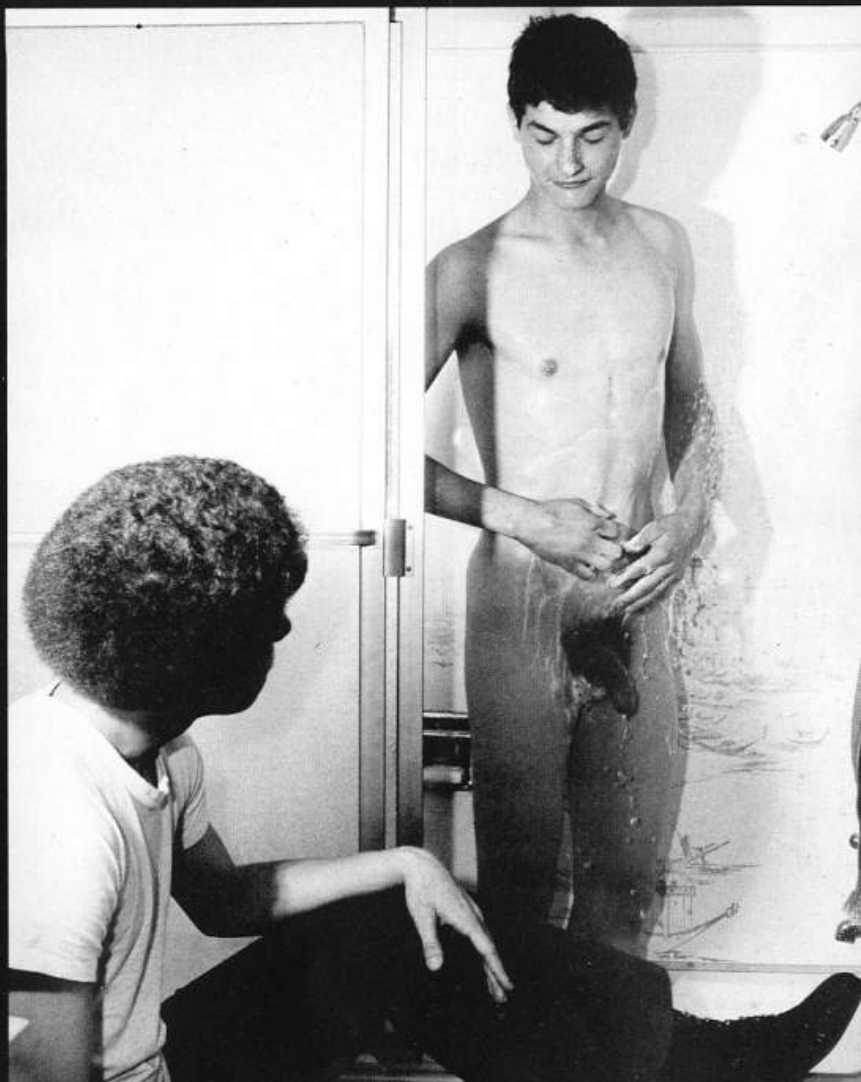
Finally, I ask, "Officer, what did I do wrong?"

"Little Miss Innocence, aren't you?"

"I wasn't aware of doing anything wrong."

"That's what you all say. All you young punks."

I sit there awhile, waiting for him to become more informative, but he just sits there sliding his ass on the seat. He grabs a handful of his crotch and I could see that he's



sporting a hard-on. He wasn't trying to hide it; it looked like he wanted me to see it.

I think—maybe he wants a compliment on what a big stud he is, but I'm not about to make a crack to a cop about his crotch.

He says, "But I'll bet you'd like to do something wrong, wouldn't

you?"

What do you say in that position?

"I seen you give me the eye when you passed me before."

Eye? Eye? I never even saw him before.

"Get out, and follow me!"

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He finally got off his bike and I could see that his cock was huge and poking his pants way out in front of him. I was afraid he was some kind of sadist I had heard about and was getting a thrill out of just thinking of beating me up. He had one hand on his crotch and the other on his gun, so I couldn't give him any argument.

I got out and walked. He led me to a space behind some bushes and told me to drop my pants and lean over a big rock. He said he was going to search me for dope.

I handed him my pants to search, but he just threw them down and told me to turn and lean.

He ran his hands up and down the insides of my legs and I couldn't help getting a hard-on.



He said, "Ha! Looks like I got me one of those hundred percent genuine perverts. What turns you on? Me, or my leather gloves?"

"The rock," I said, risking a beating in preference to being jailed for admitting I was a pervert.

I waited for the blow, but nothing happened.

Finally he said, "Aw shucks." Yeah. He said, "Aw shucks. You kids nowadays are all the time wiseassing."

Then he tried to shove his leather-gloved finger up my ass. I squeezed tight and kept him out.

"Relax so I can get it in, will you?"

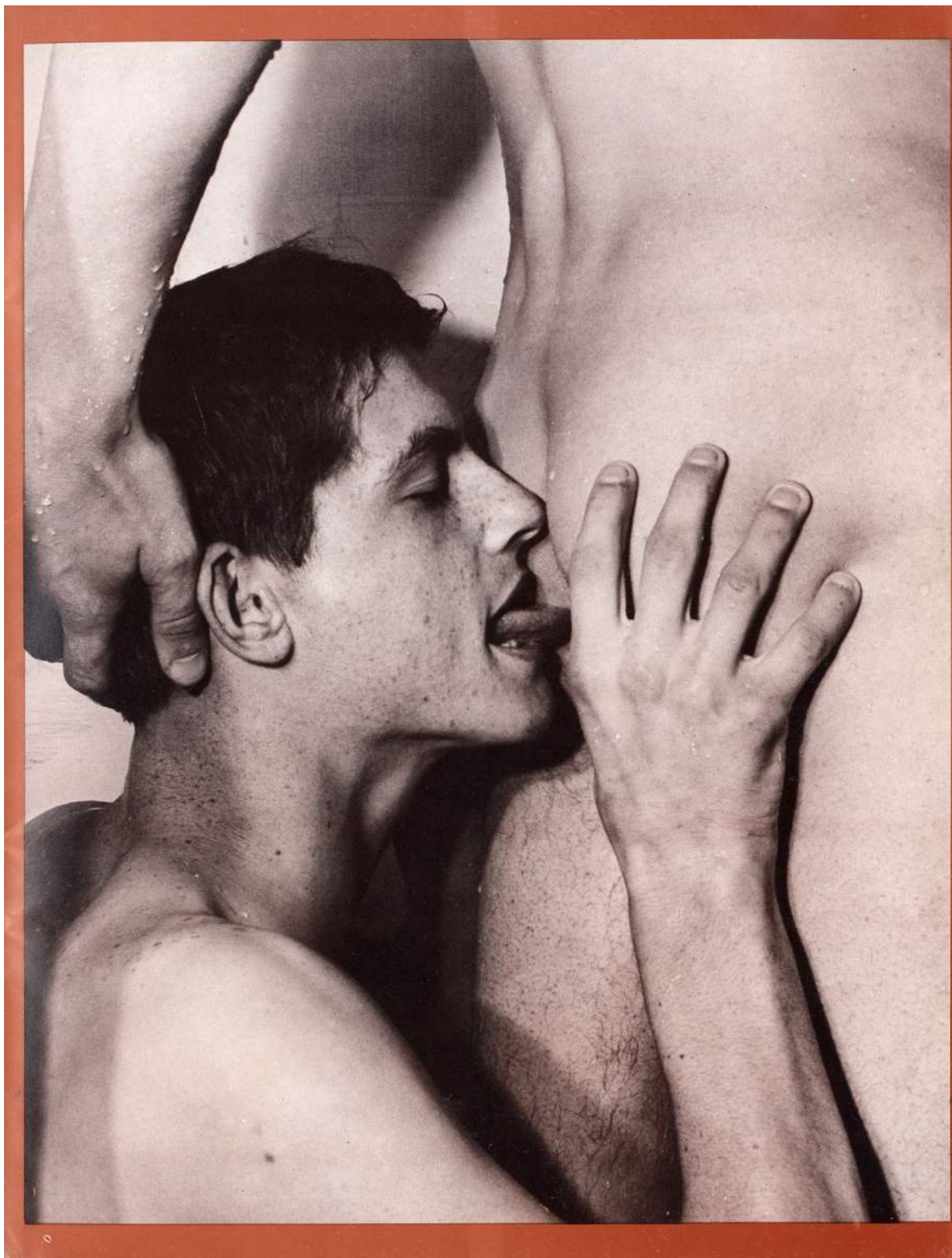
"You're not gonna shove anything up my ass!"

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"Please?"
 "Not on your life!"
 "Then blow me."
 "Blow you?"
 "Yeah! Suck my cock!"
 "What the fuck do you think I am?"

"Then can I blow yours?"
 He was blowing my mind, that's what he was blowing.

"Can I? Huh?"
 "Well, OK, if you hurry. I haven't got all day."

"Wait just one minute while I get my motorcycle!"

He ran and drove his bike back. He put down the parking stand and left the motor running. He asked me to sit on the seat.

It felt good. The vibrations were making my hard cock swing
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in the air. He grabbed my cock with his gloved hand and let the head vibrate against his lips, tonguing it about every tenth beat. Gradually he let more and more of it slip into his mouth. When he had it all the way down his throat, he started a raspy humming that jolted the cum right out of my balls and into his stomach.

That and the vibration of the bike were the most fantastic sensations I'd ever felt in my life. I could almost understand why this cop got so horny from sitting on that sex machine all day.

When I got my pants back on and was in my car ready to go, he told me that if I should be passing here again to honk my horn three times when I go by the "Milk" billboard. He usually hides out there, looking for good-looking young guys to stop.

About a hundred miles farther on I saw a nice new motel and decided to stay the night. I checked in and headed straight for the shower. I almost jumped through the ceiling. The water was freezing. I wrapped a towel around myself and called the office. They said they'd send someone right over.

In about a minute this bushy-haired guy threw open the door, looked at me a second, and said, "I'd be happy to check your plumbing." And he kissed me and felt my nuts through the towel.

He said, "So far, so good," and went into the bathroom. He kicked the wall and said, "OK, try it now."

I leaned over to turn the water on, and he pulled the towel from my waist.

"If you get this wet you won't have anything to dry yourself with. This crummy joint only





gives one to a customer."

I said, "Fine. I'm getting warm water now," and I stepped into the tub.

He took his jacket off and sat down on the toilet seat.

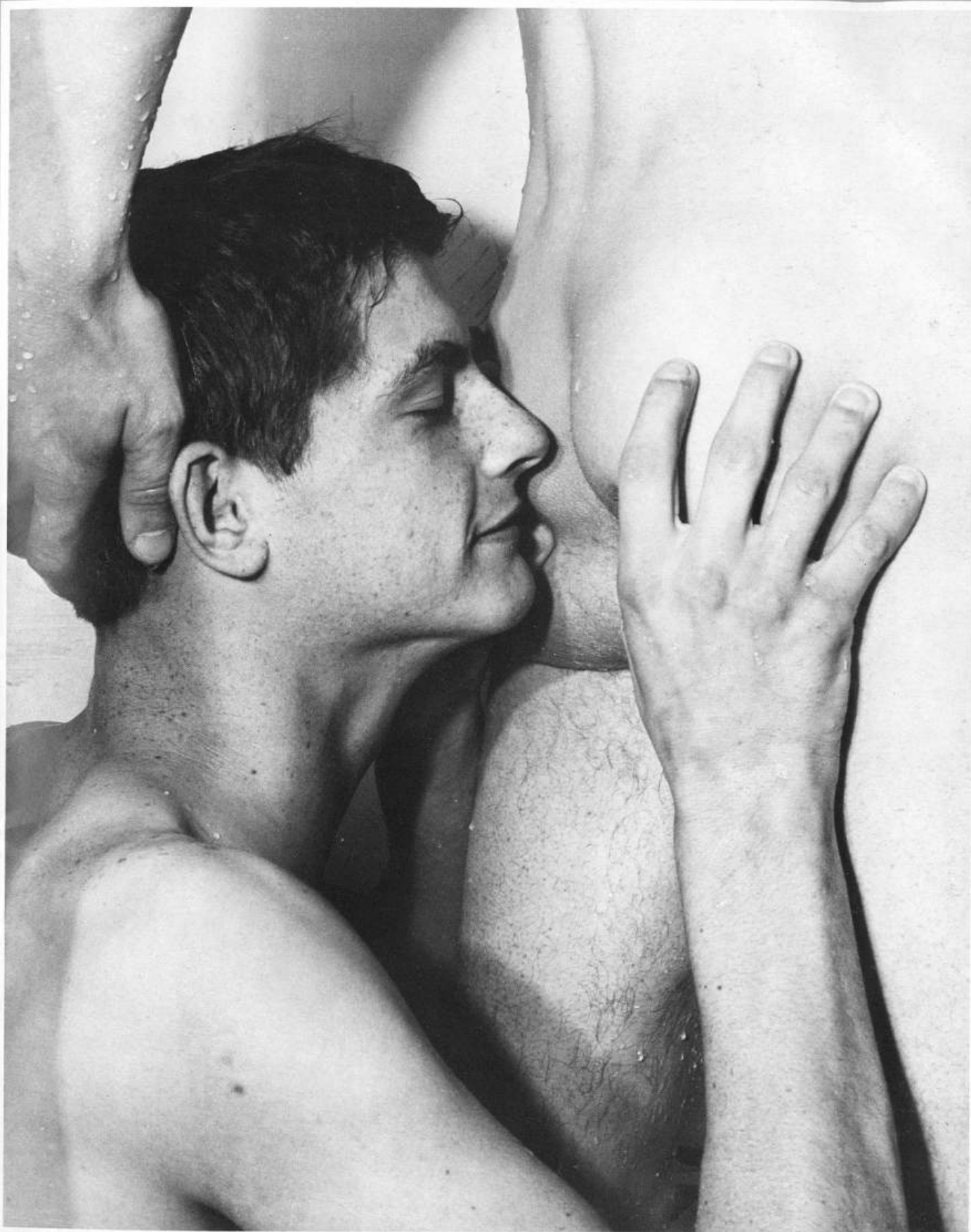
"I said it's working now." But he made no move to go.

He said, "It may cut out again and you don't want to break your bare toe kicking the wall. And besides, I like the interior decoration."

He started directing me—"A little more soap on your right shoulder, lots of it down in the crotch. . . ."

He said, "Now rinse off your crotch."

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When I did, he reached between my legs and pulled me towards him. He slid his lips over my cock and ran his head up and down. Out to the tip and then down to my hair. I was hard in no time.

He suddenly jumped up and threw off his clothes, then resumed where he left off. Suds were dripping down my back into the crack of my ass. He shoved his finger into my asshole before I could stop him. It felt so good, I was glad I didn't stop him.

The way everybody in California seemed to be so wild about sucking cock, got my curiosity aroused. I pulled him up and into the shower with me. Then I bent over and took his cock in my mouth. It didn't taste bad at all and the texture was kind of exciting. I wanted to see what the rest of him tasted like, so I made a grand tour of his body. There's a slightly different taste at each different place, but the most unusual was at his asshole. Yeah! I was gonna go whole hog.

He said, "I didn't realize you were such a swinger. Here, let me go 'round your world and I'll show you how it should be done."

Well, there wasn't a millimeter of me that didn't get thoroughly licked, both inside and out.

We dried ourselves on the couch as we twisted into every conceivable contortion, and when the couch was too wet we continued on the bed.

He had me worked up almost to bursting when he said, "Put it in my ass. Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The new sensations of the inside of his asshole kept me going for another hour. We kept changing positions until we made a shambles of the bed.

As I was cuming I started screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Yeah, the nut population of California just increased by one!













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